TUNBRIGIALIA:

OR,

Tunbridge Miſcellanies,

For the YEAR 1733.

Sunt Bona, ſunt quædam Mediocria, ſunt Mala pluræ
Quæ legis hic; aliter non fit, Avite, Liber.

MARTIAL.

LONDON:
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M. DCC. XXXIII.

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LONDON:

A Panegyrick.

TO ſing of Heroes and of warlike Deeds;
To martial Acts whom Thirſt of Glory leads,
I'll leave to thoſe who, in a nobler Light,
And loftier Strains, ſuch Actions can recite;
A ſofter Theme my am'rous Pen diſplays,
The Fair who *Tunbridge* grace demand my Lays:
Aſſiſt ye Virgins, ye immortal Nine,
Who circle round the Throne of *Jove* divine,
And with your warbling Throats his Praiſes ſing,
Whilſt Heavens high Roofs with various Echoes ring;
Inſpire my Verſe, and govern every Line,
With brighteſt Fancies make my Numbers ſhine;
Without your Help I faint, but fir'd by you,
The pleaſing Theme I dauntleſs will purſue.

With an engaging and majeſtick Air,
See where the beauteous *T*——*r* does appear!
How fair her Face, how charming is her Mein!
She looks a Cherub, and ſhe moves a Queen.

Who can the lovely *P——n*'s Charms deſcry,
And not behold her with a Lover's Eye?
So beautiful her Shape, ſo ſoft her Air,
She with the *Cyprian* Goddeſs may compare.

Devoid of Care, *M——ry* can impart,
The fierceſt Paſſion to the coldeſt Heart:
So ſoft ſhe ſings, and with ſo ſweet an Air,
She charms with Extaſy the liſt'ning Ear.

In gentle *N——s* one may plainly trace
Each ſoft Perfection and each comely Grace:
A ſweet Behaviour, and a modeſt Mein,
In all the fair One's Actions may be ſeen.

Indulgent Nature took peculiar Care
To from *M——n* ſo divinely fair;
The charming Maid might with *Aurora* vie,
When with gay Bluſhes ſhe adorns the Sky.

The lovely *F——k* cannot fail to charm,
With graceful Motion, and a pleaſing Form;
Whene'er ſhe dances every Breaſt ſhe fires
With ſofteſt Love, and paſſionate Deſires.

In *B——d* every Grace and Charm do's meet,
To make the fair endearing Maid compleat:
In her together blended you will find,
A beauteous Form with a more beauteous Mind.

With

With native Innocence and careleſs Air,
A——*y* do's each unguarded Heart enſnare;
Who is there that the thoughtleſs Rover ſpies,
And can withſtand the Magick of her Eyes?

Such blooming Beauties *D*——*l* do's diſcloſe
As the white Lilly match, and blooming Roſe;
Who can ſuch dear bewitching Charms behold,——
And to the Charms of gentle Love be cold?

Theſe with their ſeveral Charms do *Tunbridge* grace,
And add diſtinguiſh'd Luſtre to the Place:
Juſt ſo the ſtarry Train adorn the Sky,
And with each other do in Brightneſs vie.

On Miſs T--r.

PRUDES forbear your Scandal-picking,
Own that *Phœbe* is no Chicken;
If Maturity be meaſur'd
By the Virtues that are treaſur'd,
She at Thirteen poſſeſſes more,
Than you will reckon at Threeſcore?
And while your Buſineſs, Taſte, and Skill;
Are Noiſe, Detraction, and Quadrille,
Frolicks abroad, at Home the Spleen,
At Church and Opera —— to be ſeen,

Court,

Court, Maſquerades, and Puppet Shows,
Apes, Parrots, Harlequins, and Beaux;
Theſe your Companions, thoſe your Pleaſure;
So little done ~~——~~ ſo little Leiſure;
While thus the Round of Life is fill'd,
Pray what are you if ſhe's a Child.

On the Lady F------g's *Singing.*

CHARM'D with *Belinda's* Voice and Wit,
I ſtrung my tuneful Lyre,
Reſolved in Lines and Numbers fit,
To ſing the Nymph that did inſpire:
But if ſhe will not ſing the Song,
If ſhe'll not write the Verſe,
The Senſe and Muſick of her Tongue,
Some Angel muſt expreſs.

On a certain ugly old Maid, at Tunbridge Wells

I.

BALDA! thou art of Woman-kind,
That lives, the oddeſt Creature,
With Cunning you have Folly join'd,
Perverſneſs and ill Nature.

II.

Or ſilent; or in Mirth too loud,
Still various you appear;
Humble To-Day, To-Morrow proud,
Now gentle, now ſevere.

III.

Raſhly you love, as raſhly hate,
And make at Sight each Perſon
(Such Miracles can Pride create)
Your Fav'rite or Averſion.

IV.

Now *Balda!* Since your Merit's clear,
What needs there more be ſaid!
Withdraw betimes, and ſay your Prayer,
Then waſh and go to Bed.

Found

Found in a Book return'd from Reading.

MIſtaken Fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His Doctrine is deceiving;
For, whilſt he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our Living.

To die's a Leſſon we ſhall know
Too ſoon, without a Maſter:
Then let us only ſtudy now
The Art to live the faſter.

To live's to love; to bleſs, be bleſs'd
With mutual Inclination:
Share then my Ardour in your Breaſt,
And kindly meet my Paſſion.

But if thus bleſs'd I may not live,
And Pity you deny,
To me at leaſt that *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I muſt learn to die.

A

On Miss B——d.

AFfable, courteous, witty, and discreet,
Not vainly gay, yet in Attire neat;
An awful Carriage, and a modest Mein,
Free from Morosenes and the sullen Spleen;
Her Conduct virtuous, and her Temper sweet;
All o'er engaging, every Way compleat.
Such *B——d* is, so fair, so gay, so good, so wise,
With her resistless Charms she does surprise:
In Wonder fixt, upon the Fair we gaze,
Quite ravish'd with the Beauties she displays;
Pleas'd with the Sight, we ne'er once dream of Ill,
Nor guard against those Darts which surely kill:
Just so the Baxalisiks's alluring Eyes,
When the unwary Traveller espies,
Amaz'd, the piercing Sight he stops to view,
And seeks the Danger which he shou'd eschew;
Till he, alas! too late the Fault deseries,
From the attracting Power in vain he flies,
But proves a Victim to her conquering Eyes.

A SONG.

To the Tune of *Alas! poor Thing.*

I.

SOFT Love befriend,
Assistance lend,
To a Swain devoid of Art;
Oh! tell the Fair
My deep Despair;
Alas, poor Heart!

II.

Words can't express
My sad Distress,
Unless you take my Part,
And soon reveal
The Pangs I feel,
Alas, poor Heart!

III.

May she I love,
But gently move
The Woundings of thy Dart;
To've her complain,
Lend to my Pain,
Alas, poor Heart!

IV.

The Dove alone
In moving Moan,
Cooes out its piercing Smart;
Like her's my Fate
Without it's Mate,
Alas, poor Heart!

V.

The Tides ſhan't flow,
Winds ceaſe to blow,
Before my Faith ſhall ſtart;
My conſtant Love,
At Length may move,
Alas, poor Heart!

VI.

Since cruel Stars
To Love averſe,
Decree that we muſt part,
Unleſs you're true,
As I to you,
Then break poor Heart!

On Delia,

DELIA to Love each Heart alarms,
Has Wit and Beauty too;
Yet ſtrange it is, with all her Charms,
She can no Heart ſubdue.
How fine ſhe talks, how ſweet ſhe ſings,
How Debonair ſhe dances;
But mark the ſtrange Event of Things,
She makes too great Advances.
Delia, do you a Husband want,
Your Lover ſeem to ſhun,
Be coy and fly; no Favours grant,
And then your Man is won:
For Men are naturally ſhy
Whene'er the Women woo;
But if the Women from them fly,
They eagerly purſue.

On Miſs F------k.

ALL Nature's Work in *F*——*k* does appear,
Bright as her Eyes, and as her Senſes clear;
Yet ſtill their Pow'r, to Men unſafely known,
Seems unregarded by herſelf alone.

A Panegyrick.

WHEN * *Artemiſia* ſings, my raviſh'd Ear
Such Muſick does with Pleaſure hear.
To dance when † *Phillis* deigns, ſo juſt ſhe moves,
My Eyes each Motion ſilently approves.
When || *Arabella* ſtrikes the tuneful Lyre,
The ſoft harmonious Notes my Boſom fire.
But when the matchleſs ‡ *Sacharissa* ſpeaks,
Forth from her Coral Lips ſuch ſweetneſs breaks;
Raptures before unfelt ſhe doe's impart,
And with her ſprightly Wit enſlaves my Heart.

* Lady *Margaret M------ry.*
† Miſs *F------k.*
|| Lady *F--------g.*
‡ Widow *A-----n.*

III

On Miſs P---n.

AS *P*——*n*'s Perſon and more lovely Mind,
Are form'd by Nature to engage Mankind;
I look with pity on thoſe ſtupid Swains,
Who are not proud to wear her pleaſing Chains.

A SONG.

I.

WHEN *Delia* on the Plain appears,
Led by a thouſand Fears,
I would approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

II.

Whene'er ſhe ſpeaks, my raviſh'd Ear
No other Voice but her's can hear;
No other Wit but her's approve;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

III.

If ſhe ſome other Swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondeſt Friend,
His inſtant Enemy I prove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

IV.

When ſhe is abſent, I no mrore
Delight in all that pleas'd before;
The cleareſt Spring or ſhadieſt Grove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

V.

V.

When arm'd with insolent Disdain,
She seem'd to triumph o'er my Pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove;
Tell me, my Heart, if this be Love.

A SONG,

I.

LOVE told his Mother t'other Day,
I'th Rooms he'd spend a Hour;
See what they do, hear what they say,
And try his utmost Power.

II.

He chang'd his Form, he hid his Wings,
Clapt on a smart Toupee;
And was adorn'd with all those Things
A sprightly Beau should be.

III.

On *Celia* first he fix'd his Eyes,
She shun'd his amorous Arts;
Impatient, from the God she flies,
To *Wiltshire*'s Ace of Hearts.

IV.

IV.

Fair *Chloe* next the Youth addreſt,
With Eloquence and Skill;
But ſhe her high Diſdain expreſt,
He could not play Quadrille.

V.

Poems to *Daphne* he repeats,
Tranſlated out of *Maro*;
But wiſely ſhe prefers thoſe Cheats
That deal to Dupes at *Faro*.

VI.

Repuls'd by thoſe, he talk'd to more,
Yet talk'd, alas! in vain;
From ten Years old to full Threeſcore,
Their ſole Purſuit was Gain.

VII.

The God, enrag'd at their Contempt,
Reſum'd his native Air,
Diſplay'd his Wings, his Bow unbent,
And thus beſpoke the Fair:

VIII.

Adieu, he cry'd, ye giddy Fair,
I will no longer ſtay;
Thoſe Hearts deſerve from me no Care,
That are uſurp'd by Play.

IX.

Hymen and I give up the Field,
Avarice now reigns alone,
Since Cards and Dice such Joys can yield,
Marriage and Love are gone.

The Tunbridge *Beauty*, 1733.

N——*s* I saw, *N*——*s* to Verse invites,
Who sees her loves, and every Lover writes;
She is my Theme, all other Nymphs adieu;
In *N*——*s* every Female Charm I view;
Her Eyes are lovely as the Rays of Light,
We look enamour'd, and we court the Sight;
Nature her Lips adorn'd with choicest Care,
And painted every balmy Sweetness there:
Behold her move, behold the graceful Mien,
Like that of *Venus*, by *Æneas* seen;
Dancing! she courts your Eye, and makes you swear
It is the Goddess, by that heavenly Air.
Yet all these Charms, and unexhausted Store!
These rare unrival'd Charms! which all adore,
Compare not with her Soul, that nobler Part!
Her Cherub Soul, her large extended Heart.
How fair her Mind! her Mind excels her Eyes!
And to her Sense, her Beauty yields the Prize!
Severest Judgment her chaste Manners guides,
And o'er her Actions Prudence still presides:

No wanton Follies, which light Minds employ,
Taint her pure Mirth, or mingle with her Joy;
Her Conduct uniform and juſt we ſee,
Alike from Levity, or Stifneſs free:
Fair Village, Pride of *Kent*, regret no more
Thy Dearth of Beauty, and thy Triumphs o'er;
No longer to thy Rocks and Hills proclaim
Thy faded Honours, and thy leſſen'd Fame;
For *N*——*s*, to thy Walks and thee,
What *Venus* to her *Cyprus* was, ſhall be;
Again renown'd in Fame ſhall *Tunbridge* prove
The Seat of Beauty, Virtue, and of Love.

A Pamby Namby *in* Pindaric Verſe,

Being a Satire upon all the Ladies at *Tunbridge*.

I SING of Heroes and of Kings,
In little Numbers mighty Things;
I ſing of Curs without their Tails;
I ſing of Cats that have their Nails;
Of Rats I'd ſomething ſay, but Genius fails.
I ſing of *Gudgeon* and of Nibble-Bisket,
And of Wild-Colts who at the Ball do friſk it;
I ſing of Pig-Tails and of Bags,
Of fine old Cloths, and of new Rags.
I ſing of two Kings choſe in *Poland*,
And of old Ocean, where you ſee no Land.
I ſing of Tag, Rag, Bob-Tail, all together,
Of Star-light Nights, and cloudy Weather.

Sent to a Lady in a Pair of Gloves.

I.

GO Virgin Kid, with lambent Kiſs
Salute a Virgin's Hand:
Go ſenſeleſs Thing, and reap a Bliſs
Thou doſt not underſtand.

II.

Go, for in thee methinks I find,
Tho' 'tis not half ſo bright,
An Emblem of her beauteous Mind,
By Nature clad in White.

III.

Securely thou mayſt touch the Fair,
Whom few ſecurely can;
May'ſt preſs her Breaſts, her Lip, her Air,
Or wanton with her Fan.

IV.

May'ſt coa'ch it with her too and fro,
From Maſquerades to Plays:
Oh! couldſt thou hither come and go,
To tell me what ſhe ſays.

V.

V.

Go then, and when the Morning cold
Shall nip her Lilly Arm,
Do thou,——Oh! might I be ſo bold,
With Kiſſes make it warm.

VI.

But when thy gloſſy Beauty's o'er,
When all thy Charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than e'er I yet have done.

Verſes upon the very excellent, and moſt accompliſh'd Beauty, the Lady F-------g.

——Pulchro veniens e Corpore Virtus.

HEaven's in her Face! there Beauty reigns confeſs'd,
Pure and illuſtrious, as among the Bleſs'd;
Whoſe Charms conjoin'd with Virtue's faireſt Shine,
Charms that inſpire a Man to ſing divine!
For, Oh! they're heavenly, moſt divinely bright,
So full of Virtues and of Beauty's Light,
That as on Angels, on her Charms I gaze,
On all the wond'rous Glories of her Face,
Nor wiſh a further Pleaſure than to praiſe.
Far more Tranſportment in her Praiſe we find
Than from the Company of all Woman-kind;
Yes, ſhe's all Angel both in Form and Mind!
Oh! how I long a-while, her Charms inſpire,
To be exalted to the immortal Choir
Of the celeſtial, the pure Souls of Light,
Which ſhine like *F——g*, ſo good and bright!
Thence would I ſoon ſome fair Example take,
And from her Likeneſs draw her glorious Make;
Wou'd ſoon do Juſtice to her Soul divine,
And ſing as bright as *F——g* can ſhine.

Philis

Phillis to *Collin*.

I.

DEAR *Collin*, prevent my wan Bluſhes,
For how can I ſpeak without Pain?
My Eyes have oft' told you my Wiſhes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain.
My Paſſion would loſe by Expreſſion,
And you too would cruelly blame:
Then don't you expect a Confeſſion,
Of what is too tender to name.

II.

Since yours is the Province of ſpeaking,
How can you then Hope it from me?
Our Wiſhes ſhould be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they ſhould be:
Then quickly why don't you diſcover,
Does your Heart feel ſuch Torments as mine?
I need not tell over and over,
What I in my Breaſt do confine.

AN-

ANSWER.

I.

GOOD Madam, when Ladies are willing,
A Man muſt needs look like a Fool;
For me, I would not give a Shilling,
For one who can love out of Rule:
At leaſt you might ſtay for my Offers,
Nor ſnatch like old Maids in Deſpair;
If you've liv'd to thoſe Years withour Proffers,
Your Sighs are now loſt in the Air.

II.

You ſhould leave us to gueſs by your Bluſhing,
And not ſpeak the Matter ſo plain:
'Tis ours to write and be puſhing,
'Tis yours to affect a Diſdain.
That you're in a terrible Taking,
By all your ſweet Oglings I ſee;
But the Fruit that will fall without ſhaking,
Indeed is too mellow for me.

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FINIS.